

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SQ.

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Jan. 16, 1898.

Nothing is more simple than greatness. Indeed, to be simple is to be great. EMERSON.

PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL.

As forth I walked, one wintry day,
To view the merry sport
Of laughing children at their play,
Beyond our little court,

I saw a tiny little maid,
In furs and velvet drest,
Whose every motion plainly said,
"I'm in my very best."

'Tis said, "Pride goes before a fall."
I think it must be so;
For soon this maiden, far from tall,
Slipped down upon the snow.

I then sprang quickly to her aid,
And placed her on her feet.
"Poor little girl," I gently said,
"I hope you are not hurt."

"I'm hurt," she said, "for hard I fell;
But poor I'm not," she cried.
"I've money more than I can tell,
And lovely clothes beside."

I could but smile at her mistake,
And soon she passed from view;
While I resolved my pen to take,
And share my mirth with you.

JENNIE WALLIS.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE WOOD-CUTTERS' CAMP HALF-WAY UP FOX MOUNTAIN.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

"THERE, Asa, I call this ere complete!"
"So do I, Jonathan."

As Jonathan spoke, Asa looked round the walls of the cosey log camp, on the little stove, the unpainted pine table, the bed of hemlock in the corner, and the rude bench of wood.

Asa Fuller was a boy.

Jonathan True was the hired man on the Fuller place.

Jonathan had come up the mountain to fell maples in the big grove adjoining the camp, intending to spend two days here; and Asa had come up to help. "Help!" That meant company rather than the actual felling of trees and the piling up of heavy wood.

After the above-quoted exclamations of satisfaction, Asa asked, "Did you build this cabin all yourself, Jonathan?"

"I, Jonathan True, built this cabin all myself. You see I have been with your father ten years now. Oh, you were a leetle chap when I came fust time to the farm. That fust winter I was up here cuttin' maples; and I sez to myself, 'No more



MINUTE-MAN — CONCORD, MASS.

of this for Jon'thun True.' Why, you see, man"—

When Jonathan said "man," Asa, straightening up suddenly, added two inches to his height.

"You see, I had to come up the mountain in the mornin'. I'd hack away till noon, and then I'd have a cold bite out of my tin pail for dinner; and then, arter cuttin' wood all day, I had a long, cold walk home at night. I got sick of that, and I sez, 'Next summer I'll build a camp'; and so I did, sure as my name is Jon'thun. I built the walls of maple logs, and boarded over the top, slantin' the roof jest a leetle to shed the rain. Tight as a drum, warm as a pocket, and as big a success as a major on a trainin'-day, if I do say it."

Asa nodded his head in assent.

"Now we're goin' to have some breakfast very soon, Asa. Is the sun up?"

"Yes, it's just looking over Bald Mountain."

"Let him look! He won't ketch us a-nappin'."

Jonathan, as cook, was overseeing a sizzling frying pan on the camp stove.

"Bub, what you readin'?"

"My Bible,—a place in Genesis about angels."

"Angels I don't believe in. Humph! what ye readin' for?"

"Well, I think I ought to, anyway. And, then, our minister asked us all in Sunday-school who would, some time in January, start to read the Bible through, to hold up their hands; and I held up mine."

"Humph!"

"Don't you like to, Jonathan?"

"Sure as my name's Jon'thun, I haven't read in my Bible since I was a boy. I go to meetin' jest to please your grandma. She is an uncommon fine leetle woman. I cal'late to do as well as most folks that go to meetin'; and better than some. I cal'late to do the thing that is right; for I owe no man, not a cent. You may read the Bible if you want to, Bub; but I cal'late a man what does 'bout right will pass muster if he don't read the Bible."

Asa had been a respectful listener, and now, making no reply, resumed the reading of his Bible.

"The leetle sinner!" thought Jonathan. "He listens to me, and then goes on reading."

Asa and Jonathan, after breakfast, went out into the wood lot, Jonathan taking his axe, and Asa a hatchet. Unless the growth was too big, Asa trimmed the trees after they had fallen; and it was Jonathan who felled them.

Jonathan was a fine woodsman, strong in the arms, and, as he kept his axe sharp and keen, he would sink the blade deep in the heart of the trunks he attacked. He not only prided himself on his strength and skill, but also on his caution.

He would say, "I don't take nary a risk."

When cutting into a trunk, he was careful to see that, if suddenly falling, the tree would tumble in a safe direction.

He finally attacked a tree that seemed to be vicious. In falling, the weight of its boughs gave it an unexpected cant; and down it came on Jonathan, falling across his right leg.

Asa was aghast, for he saw it all. It seemed as if the sky had tumbled.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, running up to Jonathan.

The wood-cutter's face was very pale, his eyes were closed, and his lips just parted as he feebly said, "Yes!"

"I-I-I," stammered Asa, wondering what he could do. "Just-just-hold on, Jonathan!"

This made Jonathan smile. "Guess I've got to!"

"I-I-I'll get a stick, and try to pry up the trunk; and you pull your leg out."

"I'll try."

Asa hunted round for a stout stick, used it as

a lever, and, as he was raising the trunk, Jonathan slowly drew out his leg.

"Can-can you walk, Jonathan?"

"Not for some days yet, I am afraid; but I'll tell ye what to do. Jest get behind me; and, as I set up and work myself along, you put your hands under my arms, and pull for all you're worth. P'raps in that way we can work along toward the camp."

They did so; but, oh, what a painful journey it was, and how long it took them! However, they reached the humble but welcome shelter Jonathan had raised, little foreseeing his use of it.

"Now I'll go down the mountain," said Asa, "get father's horse and pung, and old Dr. Clark; and I'll come after you. Oh, I'll put a lot of wood in the stove, to make sure of the fire; and, Jonathan, you look on the bright side and I'll come after you quick as I can."

Again Jonathan smiled.

"Asa, I guess I've got to take one thing back. I said I didn't believe in angels. I do now. I shall when I can think straight."

Jonathan was left alone in the little mountain-cabin. He lay back on his bed of hemlock tips to fight as best he could the pain in that unlucky leg.

"I know it is broke," he told himself, by way of comfort.

By degrees the leg, resting after that wearisome drag out of the maple grove, was less uncomfortable; and Jonathan could "think straight." He looked round on the limited world in which he was, on the walls of logs, the stove that Asa had filled, and that gently roared, on the singing tea-kettle, on the bench near his bed. A book and a newspaper lay on the bench. The book was open.

"That book is that little Puritan's Bible," thought Jonathan. "Asa is goin' to read it through. Good luck to him! Wish I could get at that paper! Wonder if I can reach it. I might try."

He tried, and knocked the paper off the bench. Just the book was left.

"Oh, dear!" thought Jonathan. "It is awful poky up here. I never got ketched so afore in all my life. I want to do suthin', and I s'pose I've got to read that book."

He reached after the Bible, and took it in his hands.

"That leetle Puritan was readin' about angels, and he left it open to the place; and here it is. Oh, it is about Jacob. Let us see how it sounds now."

He interrupted his reading with his thought: "Wall, Jacob was visited all of a suddin, wa'n't he? They come to him in trouble. I wonder if they would be willin' to come down here."

The thought startled Jonathan, and he solemnly eyed the low roof above him.

"Ain't dressed up for cump'ny; but, if they should come,—ha, ha! I wonder how long Jacob kept on his hands the skins of the kids of the goats that he wore when he deceived his old father. Did he wear them at Bethel? Angels don't come to folks with lies on their hands. Guess I'm good as that Jacob, if angels do want to look in here."

A voice spoke to Jonathan, and out of his own soul: "You miserable old deceiver! You talk about Jacob, who put lies on his hands; and haven't you been going round pretending you were just about as good as could be? Trying to upset a boy's faith in the Bible,—that was mean! A boy, too, who carries out the teachings of the Bible, and is so kind to you."

The perspiration stood in drops now on his forehead, and Jonathan laid the Bible down. Solemnly thinking,—thinking about his soul clad

in "the skins of the kids of the goats,"—he eyed the humble roof above him, and "felt miserable." The cheerful murmur of the fire and the singing of the tea-kettle could not comfort him.

Such a miserable Jonathan! his leg disabled and in pain, while his soul was in a tumult more serious than any of the body. "Oh, dear!" he murmured. "Where is Asa? Hark!"

Did he hear a noise, voices, and the soft clash of bells? "They're comin'! Thank God, thank God!" said Jonathan.

Yes, they came, and took him away. Slowly the pung went down the mountain road, Jonathan and old Doctor Clark riding, Asa and his father walking by the side of Nancy, the horse. It was a long ride; but it ended at the snug old farm-house, with its big chimney, its ample rooms, its comfortable beds. Under that roof the disabled leg became strong again.

One day Jonathan said to Asa: "I'm goin' to be a boy ag'in. When I was a boy, I went to Sunday-School. I'll jest fancy I'm that now, a-studyin' and a-readin'. I seemed to be a-sailin' over Galilee, and heard the voice of Jesus a-teachin' on the shore. Now I'm a-goin' to be a boy ag'in, and read about his life, and begin at the beginnin'. And, Asa, I won't read as one jest about as good as could be, but one who has made his mistakes, and is sorry, and asks God to forgive him and help him, by his almighty strength, lead a better life."

For Every Other Sunday.

LOVE'S LITTLE KING.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

LITTLE Roger, blessed boy,
All the household light and joy!
I thy laureate will be,
And I'll sing a song to thee
As the poets sang to kings,
Telling of the wondrous things
That they did in days of yore,
All in happy days of yore!

So I'm looking in your eyes,
And I see their sweet surprise,
Thinking I would do such thing,
Thinking you are not a king,
And no deed have ever wrought
Worth, perhaps, a poet's thought,
Like the deeds of days of yore,
All in happy days of yore!

But I've something sweet in view,
Something done by you, by you,
All beneath a sunny sky,
Something you're remembered by.
Can you tell this wondrous thing,
Making you a little king,
Beautiful as those of yore,
Those in happy days of yore?

Grandma tells it all in pride,
How that you in summer-tide
Brought her flowers from the field,
Flowers the woods and waysides yield.
This she now remembers well,
And of it will gladly tell.
So you truly are a king,
Beautiful as those of yore!

For Every Other Sunday.

ROGER'S BIRTHDAY.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I WISH to tell the story of Roger's birthday, because it was a great occasion for him, one that he is not likely to forget for many years; and we wish to enjoy his pleasant memory, of course we do!

Let me begin with the home, for that was the

scene of rejoicing; and it was lovely to look at, as it was lovely to be invited there. I know you would have liked it immensely; for it was as handsome as castles we build in Spain, and that Spain lies in the golden sunsets, where we go off dreaming. I wish I could describe it, so that you could see it in your mind's eye. Or I wish our good friend, dear Robert Collyer, could picture it for us in his happy way, because he has been there, and still would go, and because, no doubt, it reminds him of some of the stately homes of England, dear old England!

It stands in pride and beauty, a fine building, in spacious grounds, with flowers growing in grace, with fine stables anear; and you can look out over the sea from its balconies and windows, and you can watch the ships go sailing by, and many another wonder. It is just like a dream of fairyland, if you will have it so.

It is his grandpa's home, and he and Beatrice—Princess Beatrice, as she looked—came every golden summer; and they had all charming things to please and bless them. It is just like a story out of one of the Christmas books. Only, as I was saying, it was summer-tide, and one of the brightest the sun ever looked upon, and it has seen a great many, as you all know; and the reason of this peculiar brightness to Roger was that the 4th of September was his birthday, and he was five years old then, bless his little head!

Now for a word about Roger himself, so that you can see his photograph, as it were. Well, I do not know how to picture it, for he was as lovely as a cherub, only his cheeks were a nice dark hue, caught from the summer sun; but his curls—which had been braided sunshine—had been cut off, and his grandma (great-grandma she really was), his grandma thought perhaps he had lost some of his winsomeness in the gold taken from his head. But that, I think, was only make-believe; for she must have been greatly proud of him in his sailor suit, looking just as handsome a little fellow as you could see in many a day's journey.

His sister was three years older,—and was three years wiser, shall I say?—with grace and dignity in proportion. I hardly know if that is right; but I am sure of the fact that she was as fine as eyes would wish to see. So that you may know they were a happy pair, and loved each other dearly.

Well, the birthday was on September the 4th, a sort of 4th of July for him; and his parents, dear and kind always, planned this surprise of a real children's party, and some sixteen or more were invited to the joyous celebration. The invitations were sent out in fine shape, and made quite a flutter of excitement among the little ones. And, when the day came, it was as bright as Roger's eyes (very bright, as you may know); and at three o'clock the company arrived one by one, and two by two, and sometimes three by three, until they were all present, none having to be otherwise accounted for, as none would ever think to neglect so good a thing. They might keep from school because of some tiresome lesson they wished to shirk, they might ask to stay at home on Sunday both from school and church, because some do not realize how helpful such training is; but they could not miss this feast, and they were all there.

Then the fun began, out doors and in. There was play ball, hide-and-seek, and all the romp you please with the dogs; for the dogs were there, and enjoyed it as much as the rest, especially Inkey, who was as lively and playful as a kitten, and Lion, who looked like a little pony, but who loved children, and was willing to help in their good time. I like dogs, don't you? They seem to know so much when they are petted and treated

well, even if they do snore at night so that you can hardly sleep. They were fine company, every one.

Then there were the older folks looking on, and lending a hand, when necessary. Chief of all was Grandma Mary (that sounds well, does it not?); and then there were his real grandma and his grandpa (both lovely), and his Uncle Harry and his Aunt May (charming, both of them), and his other uncle and aunt, and his cousin, the baby. We must not forget the baby, because he was a prince in this happy family, only a year old, to be sure, but sweet as a lily and merry as a bird. He is a fine fellow, and enjoyed it in his sweet way. Of course he did: babies know a good thing, like other folks. Everybody enjoyed it. The games were capital. Then they wandered through the garden, looked at the horses in the stable, and then they had a real Punch and Judy show in the house that was just as funny and full of laughter as it has been for years and years; but to crown all was the supper, and that could not have been beaten by a band of gypsies, who are supposed to be rare cooks, taught by the Brownies.

And there was a birthday cake all crowned with frosted sugar, white as milk; and in a certain piece of cake was a ring, a real gold ring with a stone in it red as a ruby. Perhaps it was a ruby. Anyway, Bancroft got it; and he was as proud of his possession as Alexander was of his kingdom.

Oh, dear, how a happy day goes by! It is gone before you know it, and especially when you do not start till three o'clock to have your fun; and so at seven, after the sand-man had peppered the eyes of some with his poppy-dust, Roger waited in the hall to bid them good-night. And they came up just as lovely as could be, and thanked him for the merry time, saying how much they had enjoyed it, just as grown polite folks say such things; but just at the last, Roger's interest gave out, and, when Sadie said, I have had a lovely time, he said, I don't care! He did you know; but he was tired, and it sounded real funny.

They all went away as glad as they could be; and the next day Roger was very glad to talk about it, and he was looking forward to the same date next year, when he hopes to have another party, so that all shall have again such a happy dream-time as they did this year. Don't you hope you may be invited, and get the ring?

For Every Other Sunday.

GRANDMA'S PAINTS.

BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

IT was going to rain.

There was no doubt of that; for the big drops were already falling on the sidewalk, and the sky was dull lead-color.

Four disappointed eyes looked out of the window. Paul and May Benton had been planning to take a ride on their wheels with their Aunt Margaret. It was hard to give it up.

Paul was the first to brighten.

"I tell you what, May," he said, "we can't go. That's certain. Let's go up in grandma's room. She's real good company such a day as this."

"All right," said May, "let's go."

Grandma Benton did not disappoint the trust put in her. Her room really seemed more cosy than usual.

"Don't you think it would be nice," she said to her two young visitors, "to use your new paint-box? This is just the right kind of a day for that."

"Why, that's so," said both children. "We never thought of that."

Grandma cleared a small table. May drew up some chairs, and brought a glass of water, while Paul went for the paints.

"What made you think of this, grandma?" asked Paul, as he wet his brush. "Did you spend rainy days painting when you were a little girl?"

Grandma Benton smiled as her thoughts went back over the many years to the time when she was "a little girl." "Yes," she said, "when your great-aunt Ann and I were children, that was one of the plays of which we never tired."

"Did you have as good a paint-box as this?" asked May, stopping to count over once more the number of cakes.

"No, indeed. We had no box, and we had to make our paints ourselves. But I think that was one thing, though, which made us enjoy it."

"Why, how odd!" exclaimed Paul. "How did you make them?"

"Yes, tell us about it, grandma, please," said May. "That will be even better fun than painting."

"Well," said Mrs. Benton, "in the first place we didn't have any brushes. We made our own. We lived on a farm, you know, up in New Hampshire. Men in those days didn't go to a barber-shop, as they do now. One of the neighbors who was 'handy,' as they used to call it, with shears, would come to our house sometimes in the evening, and cut my father's hair and that of the boys. We girls always saved very carefully the longest and straightest locks. Then we would tie a wisp of this hair tightly with thread, and fit it into a quill cut from some old hen's tail feather.

"Sometimes we would be careless, and get out of stock. Then we would clip a lock off from our own heads; but this was not often, because we didn't like to see the ragged places which this left."

"Our paints were made in various ways. Blue we always had in plenty, because mother would give us pieces of the indigo with which she colored yarn. Green we made by crushing the tender leaves of the pigweeds which grew so rank around the barn. These of course we could not get in the winter. Yellow was the hardest to get, until father brought us once from Boston a coarse lump of gamboge. After that we made green in the winter by mixing this with the indigo; but it was too precious to be used lightly, and so in summer we still depended on the pigweeds. Purple we had in plenty from the juice of the elderberries. Red came from the berries of the garget root; and, when we could find them, a beautiful crimson, almost scarlet, from high cranberries."

"How odd!" said May; "and could you really paint with those things?"

"Better than you would think possible. I found in an old book, only a few days ago, one of sister Ann's pictures. She always had more skill than I, and became in after years a good artist."

Grandma went to a book-case, and took down an old book. Turning over the leaves until she found a bit of loose paper, she brought it to the children.

The paper was yellow, the colors had almost all faded to brown, and the drawing of the two birds pecking at a cluster of cherries was stiff; but the children thought it wonderfully interesting.

"O grandma, let us copy it," said Harry.

"Yes, indeed, if you want to," was the answer.

And the next hour was such a busy one the children never thought to look at the clouds until the picture was done, and then they found the sun was shining.

All that a man does outwardly is but the expression and completion of his inward thought. To work effectually, he must think clearly. To act nobly, he must think nobly. Intellectual force is a principal element of the soul's life, and should be proposed by every man as the principal end of his being.

CHANNING.



THREE NATIVES — BERMUDA.

For Every Other Sunday.

FROM SUNNY CLIMES.

NUMBER I.

HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

AS our steamer, the "Orinoco," left the pier at New York, our last view was of a little group of our friends, smiling, waving handkerchiefs, wishing us "*Bon voyage*," "God-speed"; yet in this last good-by there was an expression of sadness and loneliness on many faces, for the one who is left behind suffers most from parting.

When we reached the wharf at Hamilton, we were welcomed by long rows of men, women, and children, all in holiday attire, white linen or bright and gay summer dress. And the most remarkable contrast to the group we had left behind was the multitude of children. Not a child was on the pier at New York to say "Good-by." The wharf at Hamilton was literally lined and packed with children. Even babies in arms were there, black pickaninnies and bigger boys and girls, all quiet and orderly, breathless with the excitement of watching the "Orinoco," as it came slowly to the landing. For the great interest here centres in the fortnightly arrival of the steamer from the United States. The little colored boys and girls, who have no friends in America to write them letters, crowd the wharf, and are as excited and happy as any one over the coming in of the steamer. These children, who appear in swarms everywhere in Bermuda,—and, as some one says, compose half the population,—are so gentle and kindly, so merry, smiling as you greet them, that one delights in them all, from the smallest pickaninny to the oldest boy or girl.

In the schools under the direction of the board of education in Hamilton—the public schools as we would call them at home—there are 63 white children and nearly 300 colored; and out of the

1,246 children whose names are registered in the list of attendance at these schools throughout these islands there are only 284 white. It is said that the colored race realize the advantages of education much more than the white people, the native children crowding the white out of the schools, and that in time they will become the dominant power.

A dear little girl, whose name as she spelled it for me is "Adelle Valeria Triana Burrows," told me there were more than a hundred pupils in the school she attended, and but one teacher. She sang very modestly some pretty verses in praise of the violet; and, sweetly as it sounded, we felt that a gay song about the hibiscus, whose scarlet blossoms, as large as hollyhocks, cover the tree, or the oleander's flush, vivid in the hedges, or "wind-breaks," as the people call them, would be more in harmony with our surroundings.

Every creature is gentle here. Even the few dogs that we have seen, mostly owned and petted by the English officers, do not run and bark as they do at home. The little goats nibble peacefully near a cactus-covered wall or on a hillside. The horses have great respect for the pedestrian. We all walk in the middle of the street. Very rarely is a sidewalk to be found, and then it is so seldom used that one fancies it is only an ornament. A lady told me that, when she first came here, the roads were only wide enough to let a puncheon of rum pass through. But they are now firm and hard. Bermuda is called a paradise for bicyclers; and, though the streets are not wide, they accommodate these amiable, courteous people. For horses and people fraternize in the roads. But the donkey is the most picturesque and delightful animal. We meet it constantly, harnessed to two-wheeled carts. Sometimes a fat negro woman fills the little cart. She is so broad that the little girl squeezed in the seat beside her looks very uncomfortable, or would anywhere but in Bermuda, where personal comfort is of no importance.

Two merry boys, their faces brimming over with the fun of living, their white teeth shining the more from the contrast to their color, urge a white donkey, or, as in the picture, the mother and son jog on peacefully. The white walls glisten. The stretch of white road is never dusty, as the sand seems too heavy to rise in clouds of dust, as at home. Everything is white and clean, and every one is gay and content. We found the secret of this light-heartedness when we visited a pool called "Devil's Hole." A thousand fish are swimming in this little circular hole. It is surrounded by rocks, vines hang down, a tree bends over, shading it from the intense sunlight. The fish are caught in the sea, and kept here,—bream, hamlet, rock-fish, porgy, groupers, mullet, angel-fish, amber, hine, red-snappers,—all sizes, from a few inches to more than three feet, and almost all of splendid color, "through groves of coral stray." Some were asleep on the rocks. Others came toward us, opening wide, red angry mouths. The angel-fish were especially beautiful, bright blue, iridescent, a flat fish as broad as long, and with streamers more than twice as long as the fish itself, which our guide called wings. "Angels have wings," he said. The turtles were as wonderful as anything. The largest one we only caught a glimpse of. "McKinley," the guide said he had named it, "because great personages seldom showed themselves, they live retired." We laughed at the idea that our President must hide away. There were yellow and brown striped fish which he had named Princeton, after the Princeton colors. The pond was thirty-two feet deep; and it is almost impossible to imagine the crowd of fish that were apparently on the surface of the water, quite unafraid of man.

And now comes the secret of the content in Bermuda. When a bit of bread is thrown to them, the "happy family" crowd and "hustle" each other in their eagerness for food. They are no longer peaceful and content. Our quaint old guide in his wisdom said with a sigh: "They are like people outside: they would not quarrel as they do if they did not have to struggle to get their food. But they must work if they want anything to eat."

Sweet potatoes, common potatoes, onions, and many other vegetables, bananas, melons, custard-apple, persimmons, and other fruit, more delicious in flavor than in any other land, grow through the whole year with hardly an effort. There are no grubs or insects to torment a gardener. And, besides all these fine vegetables and fruits, the best fish can be caught with little trouble.

The people only need light attire, even during the winter months. Broad hats are worn to keep off the heat of the sun. The Americans are the only ones who shield themselves with sun-umbrellas. The Bermudians are too languid and indifferent to carry them. They saunter on their way. We shall soon be as languid. As the captain of the "Orinoco" said to one of our party, "I will give you a week to get rid of your Boston swing."

In "Beautiful Bermuda," with air so soft and mild, with food so plenty, we find at all hours of the day men and women stretched out at full length on the grass. They chatter, they laugh, they sing. *They may work a little, but they rest a great deal.*

K. H.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.
But, oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth! *Selected.*



NOW THEN!

TOO LITTLE AND TOO BIG.

TO-DAY I asked my mamma if I could whittle,—
 Yes, I did.
 "Oh, no! my girlie," said she, "you're too little,"—
 So she did.
 But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe,
 I cried, I did.
 She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so,"
 That's what she did.
 Why can't I cry if I am little?
 Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?

School Record.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE WILLING WORKERS AND THE
LITTLE HELPERS.

In Two Parts.—Part II.

BY M. A. DEANE.

AS to the character of the work which kept these societies so very busy, there was nothing specific about it. They all did "with their might" whatever their hands found to do. There was no waiting for favorable openings. Every one seemed willing to take hold of any task that fell in the way, and nothing that could be turned to good account either in the making or the saving of an honest penny was despised or rejected. "I do believe," said Rose Parsons to her companions one day, "that we are learning lessons in industry and economy that will be of inestimable value to us through our whole lives."

And she was right.

Only one thing disturbed the serenity of these enthusiastic workers; and that was the hard, un-

mistakable fact that money was not accumulating as they had fondly hoped. Work as they might, the sums deposited in the bank were discouragingly small. Count it up as they would, the sum total always fell painfully short.

The problems in "profit and loss" which the Little Helpers puzzled over at school assumed a new significance, and they understood as never before the practical importance of those terms.

Gertie Allison had reared a beautiful brood of chickens, which she devoted heroically to the cause (for she loved every one of the dear things), only to find that in the market "broilers were down"; and Myrtle Greene, who had labored valiantly in her little garden of rosy radishes and early peas, which she was to sell at the Brañdt House, found competition so lively when the time came to sell that the value of her commodities was sadly reduced.

The beautiful fancy articles that some of the young ladies had made were little short of a failure financially, their great profusion having quite disturbed the relation of "supply and demand" in that quiet little place.

And the modest "Bureau of Exchange," which was really a great credit to the skill and management of the girls, reported "trade dull" and "sales slow." Thus confectionery, caramels, and macaroons, fancy cakes, pop-corn balls, and all that class of products brought very little clear profit. A few had tried floriculture, sending bouquets to the city on the early morning train; but this also had failed to bring even fair returns. One consolation remained to the disappointed florists; namely, that the culture of flowers, like virtue, "is its own reward."

There had been some successes, however, to

counterbalance these discouraging failures. As Kitty had foreseen, Sadie's crazy-quilt was lovely! At least, so thought the rich Mrs. Appleton, who, with her mother, was spending the summer in the place, and who purchased it at a round price. Bessie Carroll earned a nice little sum waiting behind her father's counter during the absence of his clerk, who was ill; and Helen Brainard sent a few articles to a friend in the city, who sold them well, remitting with the proceeds a cheering contribution of her own.

Some noble sacrifices had also been made to increase the funds. Bertha Giles sold her precious Maltese kitten, the delight of her heart; and her elder sister Fanny, for a small consideration, agreed to wait another year for the "promised organ." The little money thus realized passed into the treasury with joyful demonstrations, but no one knew of the inward struggle out of which came this victory over self.

A number of donations had been gratefully received from time to time; but what touched the hearts of all most deeply was the finding of an envelope on the desk one evening, containing a check for \$25, and a bit of paper, with the simple words, "From the mothers."

They knew they had their mothers' sympathy, but this unexpected proof of the fact brought tears to their eyes and strength to their fainting hearts.

They were greatly in need of such encouragement, for this was the darkest time in their history, for at this very session it was definitely ascertained by careful reckoning that, with all the helps received, they had only raised *half* the required sum! What was to be done?

They had all the while stoutly resisted the temp-

tation to hold a fair, with the customary extortionate prices and petty games of chance, etc. They had agreed at the outset that all contributions should be perfectly voluntary, *given* expressly for one sacred object; and they now decided, in solemn conclave, to adhere to their first resolution. Yet it was quite beyond their power to devise any plan for raising the remaining half of the required sum.

Not that they were at all tired of the *work*, which had really been a blessing to them, but they feared that such prolonged waiting might defeat their purpose. Indeed, they had a sickening apprehension that the "operation" might already have been too long delayed.

A gloom that could not be shaken off was fast settling upon the little assemblage of brave young hearts, when a letter was brought in, addressed to the "President of the Band of Willing Workers." There was a stir of interest and a buzz of whispering voices, upon which a sudden hush fell at a sharp stroke of the gavel; and the president announced in a trembling voice, "This letter contains an offer from Mrs. Appleton, to pay into the treasury of our united societies a sum equal to that which they both shall raise, for the purpose of securing to Edith Maynard the restoration of her sight."

For a moment there was utter silence in the room; and then a perfect babel of voices seemed let loose, regardless of society decorum or parliamentary rule. "What a God-send!" "Could anything have been more opportune?" "How can we ever be grateful enough for such a gift!" "How should *she* have known just how much we needed!" and a dozen other ejaculations of similar import seemed to be fairly running over each other, and tripping each other up, until another sharp stroke of the gavel brought the house to order.

After due consultation, a vote of thanks, humbly and gratefully expressed, was despatched to the "Lady Bountiful" of the Brandt House, and a committee appointed to tender the wonderful two-fold gift to Edith Maynard, after which the societies adjourned *sine die*, with a tacit understanding that, when there should be any work to do, they would be ready to join hands again for its accomplishment.

Nothing could exceed the joy and gratitude with which Edith Maynard received the unexpected intelligence of her good fortune. If any of the girls had ever felt their self-imposed tasks a burden,—which they had not,—they would have been amply repaid by one look at her glowing face on that memorable morning when hope again dawned in her heart, and she felt the stirring of a new life within her. She was fairly radiant. She stood transfigured before the dazed and awed committee. Said Rose Parsons, while recounting it all to her mother, "I was shocked, in the presence of this great transformation, to think how little I had realized her deprivation, how poorly I had estimated her feelings."

The societies soon found their new work. It was the preparation of Edith's wardrobe for her anticipated journey and the long stay at the Medical Institute, which would be necessary for her complete recovery.

It was decided that Edith must have an attendant; and Rose Parsons was chosen, without a dissenting voice, to act in that capacity.

No time was lost in getting everything ready, and the two safely tucked away in a cosy corner of a comfortable railway carriage, *en route* for New York.

There was much solicitude among the girls, after their departure, lest the operation should not be successful; and thus all their efforts prove unavailing. But frequent letters from Rose, full of cheerful assurance, gradually dispelled their fears;

and the announcement, later on, that Edith was certain to have her sight restored, was received with joyful acclamation.

And, when, at last, Edith stood among her young companions with seeing eyes, their happiness knew no bounds.

It is a familiar saying, often verified by actual experience, that "misfortunes never come singly." We have also observed that blessings often follow the same rule, coming thickly, after long and vexatious delays. So the restoring of her sight seemed the beginning of good fortune to Edith.

The rich Mrs. Appleton, who became interested in her on account of her blindness, and, having done one kind action in her behalf, found it easier to do another, offered to place her in a good school and give her a liberal education.

How gladly and gratefully this offer was accepted by the astonished girl was shown by the faithfulness with which she pursued her studies and the rapid progress she made through all the long course, which finally resulted in the completion of an honorable *profession*, and the establishment of an honest *independence for life*.

Years have passed away.

A stranger visiting a distant Oriental city to-day may be attracted by a modest medical dispensary at one of the missionary stations, over which a sweet-faced woman presides. He may see streams of native people afflicted with grievous and multiplied ills, enough to sicken the stoutest heart, pouring in and out of its open doors, and may find himself wondering how a woman could nerve herself to endure the sight of so much *suffering*, to say nothing of the toil and care which must fall to the lot of the physician in such a place.

But, if he should question the missionaries, he would be surprised at their estimate of her and her work.

One of them, particularly, has been heard to say that her influence among these people is far more potent than his own. "Through the wonderful art of healing," said he, "in which she has great success, she obtains a hold upon them spiritually which it is impossible for any of us missionaries, who are simply preachers, to secure. Her ministrations to the sick and suffering are so gentle and loving that she wins a way to their hearts at once, and finds thus a safe lodgment for the gospel of peace which she is daily preaching to them. To-day there are scores of souls who look to her for the bread of life, and draw from her as from a well of strength the life-giving power which redeems them from heathenism."

But this missionary did not know, perhaps (as we have guessed), from what a tiny seed, dropped so long ago in the warm soil of a tender little heart, all this mighty, illuminating, and elevating influence had grown. The faithful young teacher who sowed with patient industry this precious seed will surely come with rejoicing in the grand harvest of the future, "bringing her sheaves with her."

THE white days of winter, darling,
When softly the snowflakes fall,
Till a royal garment of ermine
Folds tenderly over all.
Field and hillock and valley
Hushed in the sweetest sleep;
For the snow comes down from our Father,
His loving charge to keep.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves.

DESMAHIS.

SELFISH BENNY.

BENNY was greedy, I'm grieved to say,
Of all good things that came in his way;
The truth to tell you, he wanted more
Than he ever needed, ten times o'er.
And he wheedled and whined and coaxed and
cried,
And often snatched at the thing denied.

He went to visit at grandpa's farm,
And all things there had a novel charm;
But the cream he drank, and the eggs he sucked,
And the rooster's gayest plumes he plucked,
Till all who met him were shocked to see
How greedy and rude a boy could be.

Of many fruits he had eaten his fill,
When he found a new one prettier still,
So smooth and bright, so glossy and red.
"You mustn't taste that one," grandma said.
But selfish Benny, so quick and bold,
Crammed in just all that his mouth would hold.

Then his face grew red, and his eyelids streamed,
While he gasped and choked, and danced and
screamed,

'Twas a ripe red pepper, so strong and hot.
And, oh, what a dreadful dose he got!
Poor grandma pitied his pain and fright;
But the rooster cackled, "It serves him right!"

Our Little Ones.

For Every Other Sunday.

NICODEMUS.

BY H. I. ALLEN

"YES, ma'am, he'll be glad to go; and, though I'll miss him sorely, it's right he should have the chance. Tom's a good laddie, and carries all my bundles; but it does take a deal to feed him." And Mrs. McKenzie sighed, at the same time using the polishing iron more vigorously, as if the memory of Tom's appetite impelled her to hasten her work.

"Oh, yes," she resumed, "he's a clever lad, and is going to have a paper route in the fall."

"A paper route?" repeated Miss Fairchild, with a puzzled look. She was a pretty, slender young girl, who, sitting by the open window, was vainly trying to get a breath of air.

"Yes, ma'am, to carry out papers after school, you know. That'll be such a help; for my work is pretty dull this summer, what with so many folks gone into the country, and them big steam laundries, and the Chinamen. There he is now, bless his heart!" and the tired mother turned her kindly face toward the door, wiping the great drops from her forehead; for the thermometer stood up in the nineties that hot July day, and Mrs. McKenzie's ironing table was very near the stove.

A sturdy little fellow of ten, blue-eyed and freckled, now entered the room; and, though somewhat abashed at seeing Miss Edith Fairchild, his Sunday-School teacher, actually sitting in the old rocking-chair by the window, and looking quite at home, still he did not forget his "manners," and promptly extended his hand (not over-clean, to be sure) to meet her friendly greeting. Whereupon a wonderful plan was unfolded to him,—how he was to go away into the country for a week or ten days, have plenty of new milk, feed the hens and chickens, drive the cows, and do all sorts of delightful things.

At first, Tom's eyes kindled; but, as Miss Edith went on, he grew meditative, and, when she finally paused for breath, saying, "Oh, you'll have such a good time, won't you, Tommy?" he slowly twisted one foot around the other, and muttered, "I dun' know!"

"Why, Tom, lad, what ails ye?" questioned his mother, sharply. "Don't ye want to go?"

"Yes; but"—Then he hesitated.

"But what, Tommy?" inquired Miss Edith.

"Can Nick go, too?" said he, shyly.

"The Lord save us!" ejaculated Mrs. McKenzie. "He'll be the death of me yet. It's always 'Nick' here and 'Nick' there."

"But who is he?" said Miss Fairchild.

"Want to see him?" responded Tom, eagerly. "Here, I'll fetch him!" And, before she could remonstrate, he darted to the window, and sent forth such an ear-splitting whistle as only small boys know how to produce.

Soon they heard the pattering of bare feet coming up the wooden stairs; and then such a curious little figure appeared in the doorway! Small of his age, and somewhat bow-legged, clad in an old blue cotton shirt, and trousers that were once corduroy, but so worn that their original texture was hard to define, a battered straw hat on the back of his head, but with twinkling eyes and gleaming teeth, he stood before them,—one of the funniest little negroes Miss Fairchild had ever seen.

Not quite prepared for this sudden apparition, she hardly knew how to proceed; but the irresistible smile on the boy's face encouraged her to ask his name.

"Nicodemus Jackson," was the reply.

Here Tom interposed with: "Take off your hat, Nick! That's my teacher." Then, unable to restrain himself any longer, he exclaimed: "Say, Nick! don't you want to go into the country, long o' me? There's cows, an' pigs, an' hens, an' chickens; and you could go a-fishin'. What do you say to that?"

To this outburst Nick replied in one word, under his breath, "Golly!"

"O Tommy!" remonstrated Miss Edith. "I must first find out whether there will be room for your little friend or not. I will see what I can do about it; but you mustn't feel too sure."

Tom looked troubled, then, feeling that somehow Nick's appearance was against him, said, "He's got shoes and stockings, teacher, only he don't like to wear 'em. Do you, Nick?"

"Nop," returned the little negro, still with the same beaming smile.

Here Mrs. McKenzie appeared from her bedroom, and sent the boys out on an errand while she set the table for supper, and then told Miss Edith about the queer friendship.

It seems they had played together for some time; and, though Tom was occasionally dictatorial and overbearing, ordering Nick to do this, that, and the other, yet still he was a faithful champion of his friend. When their schoolmates would raise the teasing cry,

"Nigger Nick,
Come quick,"

Tom would dash around the corner in pursuit; and woe to the luckless youth who was not swift enough to outstrip him! In return, Nicodemus was devoted to his white comrade, and was ever at his heels, like a little black shadow.

After hearing Mrs. McKenzie's story, Edith promised to lay the case before the managers of "Country Week," at the same time feeling a little doubtful about the result; for she knew they had so many applications. Then, saying good-by, she went down the steep, narrow street, a part of the old West End that has not changed much in the past fifty years, with here and there a tall apartment house overshadowing its humbler neighbors, the little, irregular wooden dwellings. The air was stifling; and she was glad to take an electric car, which carried her swiftly to the Union Station.

That evening, as Edith was idly swaying back and forth in a hammock on the broad veranda of her seashore home, watching the waves rolling in and slowly retreating on the beach below, and catching now and then delicious whiffs of salt air, the contrast between that peaceful scene and her day's experience came vividly to mind; and she exclaimed impulsively:—

"O mamma! how can people live in such little cooped-up rooms? There was the hot stove, and the dark bedroom, no window in it, and no air, except from the sky-light! I should think they would die!"

"What's the matter, Edith? Been 'slumming'?" asked Cousin Ralph, teasingly. "Have a sherbet, and keep cool, as I do." And he lazily offered a saucer of that delicacy.

"Don't, Ralph! I'm serious, if you are not."

"No," said Mrs. Fairchild. "Edith doesn't know much yet about 'how the other half lives'; but you could hardly call it in the slums where she went to-day. They are respectable, hard-working people; and I hope those boys will have their vacation, and enjoy it, too. Edith, dear, I think you had better write to the Christian Union to-night."

A week later the matter was all arranged, a place being found where there was room for just two children; and no objections were made to receiving Nicodemus. It was on a large milk farm, and from the day the boys arrived they were always on hand to help drive the cows to pasture and go for them at night.

Mrs. Green, the farmer's wife, gave a little bedroom to each child, at opposite ends of the long hall, upstairs. The first night, when she went to her own chamber, she looked in to see if they were asleep; but Nick's room was vacant. Going quickly across the hall, what was her surprise to see him wrapped in a blanket and curled up on the floor at the foot of Tom's bed, sound asleep. She roused him gently, and sent him back to his own room, telling him he would catch cold lying on the floor, and not to do so again. To her great annoyance the same thing was repeated the next night. Then she tried scolding, but it was useless. Nick smiled cheerfully, but evidently didn't understand her objection. So at last she moved his cot into Tom's room, and both boys seemed contented.

What good times they did have, to be sure, in the ten days that passed so swiftly! They roamed in the fields and woods, hunted for eggs in the hay mow, tumbled off stone walls, and had several duckings in a river which, fortunately, was too shallow to be dangerous. Nicodemus showed great fondness for all the animals on the place; and Brown Bess, the old mare, was his special delight. He carried to the barn many a handful of grass and pocketful of green apples for her private delectation, till the good farmer was obliged to interfere with that sudden change of diet. Then the boy tried to make friends with a little chipmunk, whose haunt he discovered in the woods; and he would lie flat on his back for hours, watching the birds and insects flying and crawling around him. Losing his parents in early infancy, he had never known a mother's protecting care; and now he crept close to the great heart of Nature, and she brooded over him with infinite tenderness.

One night, when the vacation was almost over, Farmer Green suddenly awoke to see a bright light shining on the opposite wall,—a light that wavered, flickered, and then became a steady glow. He sprang to the window; but one glance was enough.

"Wake up, mother, the barn is on fire!" And, hurrying on some clothing, he was downstairs, calling the hired men, before his startled wife could collect her senses. There was no time to

waste; for the roof was blazing at one corner, and the flames were creeping along the ridge-pole.

"Don't lose time, boys, going for pails of water. Save the cattle!" And, as he threw open the big barn doors, the smoke and heat warned them that they were none too soon.

Meanwhile Tom and Nick had aroused the nearest neighbors; and soon there was a line of men handing up buckets of water, and wetting down the roof of the house, even the women helping in the work. But it was evident that the barn was doomed. The hay had caught, and was burning fiercely inside.

"Thank Heaven, mother, the cows are all out!" said Mr. Green, coming over to where his wife was standing. "But I wish I hadn't hurried in that last load of hay to-day."

"'Tis too bad, father; but where's Bess? O Ambrose! surely you didn't forget her?" For the farmer, with a horrified look at his wife, rushed back to the barn.

He tried to enter, but a hot wave met him at the door; and then a volume of smoke made him stagger back.

"It's no use!" he exclaimed. "Poor old Bess, I can't save you!"

Suddenly a little figure darted past him, saying, "I'll git Bess, fo' sure!" And, before the men could stop him, Nicodemus dropped on his hands and knees, and crawled into the barn.

"He'll never come out alive!" said one of the men. "That roof won't hold much longer."

Anxiously watching, they heard at last a great kicking and stamping; and then the frightened mare plunged out of the barn, with Nick's jacket blinding her eyes. The boy was close at her heels, but fell on the threshold, only to be lifted in strong arms and carried to a place of safety, just as the old roof fell in with a crash.

"Hurrah for the little chap!" And such a cheer went up from the crowd; while Tom McKenzie, who supposed he never should see Nick again, wiped his eyes, and was more proud of his friend than ever before.

Nick's poor little bare feet were badly burned, and his hands and face were blistered. So for many days he had to lie in bed and be carefully tended. During this time the farmer and his wife talked the matter over, and, knowing that the boy had no one to take much interest in his welfare, decided to offer him a home. He could help a good deal about the place even then; and, as he grew older, they would teach him farming, and give him wages when he became of service. Nicodemus promptly accepted the offer, more attracted—it must be confessed—by the prospect of remaining with the cows and Brown Bess than by any other consideration; and his family, who were only distant relatives, quickly consented to the arrangement, being glad to have one less mouth to feed. Farmer Green, however, stoutly maintained, "Depend upon it, that boy'll make his mark in the world some day!"

Whether he will or not remains to be proved; but, as Nicodemus grows older, the conviction grows stronger in his mind that his start in life is all owing to "Country Week."

God's voice is wandering now on every wind,
And speaks its message to the tuned ear;
And here are holy groves and sacred streams,
On every hill are sacred altars shrined;
And prophets tell their message now and here;
Young men see visions, and old men dream
dreams.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Trust reposed in noble natures obliges them the more.
DRYDEN.

THE LAMP-LIGHTER.

My tea is nearly ready, and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time, and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker, and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night, and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And, oh, before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child, and nod to him to-night!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW LEO LOST HIS LIFE.

(YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.)

A LITTLE while ago I told how Leo saved his master from being robbed by a highwayman; and now I want to tell about the best thing Leo ever did, and which cost him his life. Dr. Blanford was accustomed to take Leo every night down to the station to get the mail, which came in on the seven o'clock train. Leo did not mind the trains now, as he had become used to them; but the first time the doctor had taken him there, when he was then but a puppy, he was scared almost to death, and it was many weeks before he would venture down again to the station.

The seven o'clock train was an express, and only slowed up long enough in passing to give the baggage-master a chance to throw off the mail-bags.

One night Dr. Blanford went down to the station a little before the train was due, and, as usual, took Leo with him. It seemed to the doctor as if he had never seen the dog appear so intelligent and full of fun. Once, just after they had passed a gentleman, he happened to drop a parcel, and was continuing on his way, when Dr. Blanford chanced to turn around and notice it. Calling Leo, he told him to pick it up and carry it to its owner, who, recognizing the dog, patted him on the head, and thanked him as if he had been a human being. Leo seemed to understand, however, what was said to him; for he wagged his tail as if in acknowledgment, and then started after his master.

Down at the station they met a lady who had a little girl with her about three years old, who was playing with a ball. Having at once made friends with Leo, a glorious game of ball followed. Dr. Blanford had meanwhile entered the station, and a few minutes after heard the whistle of the train as it approached the crossing. Absorbed in the newspaper he was reading, he did not know that anything was wrong until startled by a loud scream from the lady. Rushing out on to the platform, he saw, to his horror, that the little girl, in pursuit of the ball, had tripped and fallen right in the track of the oncoming express, while the poor mother, motionless with fear, was incapable of saving her. The doctor started on the run; but, as the accident had occurred quite a distance down the track, he was seized with a sickening fear that he would be too late. He was but half-way there when Leo passed him like an arrow, and, seizing the child by its clothes, pulled it from under the very cow-catcher. The little girl escaped with a few bruises; but poor Leo, not quite quick enough to save himself, was thrown high into the air. Dr. Blanford tenderly picked him up, and carried him home in his arms. There everything was done to save him, but he died the next morning. Leo's grave is out in the orchard under an apple-tree; and at its head is a granite slab bearing these words: "Erected, in Memory of Leo, by a Grateful Mother."

FREDERICK JOHNSON.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

CONCORD, in Massachusetts, is a very interesting place. There, and at Lexington, the guns were fired that started the Revolution. On the first page of this number is a picture of "The Minute-man," a statue by French, which marks the spot where one of the early fights occurred. In the next *Every Other Sunday* we will show you a picture of the great stone that lies where the first blood was shed in defence of American homes against British invasion.

Our valued contributor, "K. H.," sends us some sunshine from Bermuda. The Editor looks out on ice and snow, and passers-by shiver with cold. But, on reading this letter from the region of oranges, lilies, and birds, we grow warm, and dream summer dreams. "K. H." will continue these interesting letters, and give us descriptions of people and places. The picture, "Three Natives," has been engraved from a photograph taken in Hamilton, especially for our paper.

You will remember, some of you, that the Editor believes in getting his readers to edit the paper with him. He has often said so. Here is one way of doing this,—send him any choice poem, appropriate to *Every Other Sunday*, which has met your eye. Perhaps you have some cut from newspapers, or there are others in books, easily copied. Forward these favorites to the Editor, and he will probably publish them. So will you share your poetic pleasures with many others.

Still another way of editing the Editor. When any bright, special event occurs in your Sunday-school, tell it in brief, simple language, and mail the paragraph to *Every Other Sunday*. We will make a cluster of such reports from time to time. Perhaps, if there are enough contributions, we might have a regular department in our paper, entitled "Sunday-school Doings," or something similar. Think, and then write.

LETTER-BOX.

SAN PEDRO, NEW MEXICO.

Editor of Every Other Sunday:—

I want to tell you about my Sunday-school. The scholars live all over the United States, and our lessons come to us by mail. Our teacher's name is Miss Annie E. Howard, of Brookline, Mass. She is also secretary of the Second Church Post-office Mission, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

I am a little girl. This is my twelfth birthday. I live in a mining-camp, and have no American playmates. I love to read; but my mother is a widow, and cannot subscribe for papers or buy me books. Some friends send me some reading, for which I am thankful. I have two brothers. We have a three months' term of school this year.

BROWNIE WILSON.

GENESE, ILL.

Dear Editor,—I sat down the other evening and figured a puzzle, which I would be pleased to see in the *Every Other Sunday*. I am a boy of fourteen years; and I go to the Unitarian Sunday-school.

Yours truly,

PHINEAS MORROW.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

I AM two words of 11 letters.

My first is in smooth, but not in rough.

My second is in thumb, but not in finger.

My third is in hen, but not in chick.

My fourth is in aunt, but not in uncle.

My fifth is in woman, but not in child.

My sixth is in men, but not in boys.

My seventh is in hand, but not in foot.

My eighth is in buggy, but not in cart.

My ninth is in pig, but not in cow.

My tenth is in wren, but not in hawk.

My eleventh is in stone, but not in coal.
My whole is an article in use all over the civilized world.
BERTHA ROSS.

CHARADE.

A word of six letters that every one uses—
And he is ill-bred that to speak it refuses—
Is my first: now what is my second?
A word that for charity often is reckoned.
My whole is a festival kept yearly before us,
When gratitude rises in a grand swelling chorus,
And hearts are made glad by meeting together,—
A meeting not hindered, no matter what weather.

G. T. S.

ANAGRAM.

ETH dlro si ym epehdhrs; I lsalh otn atwn.

ELEANOR WILCOX.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I AM composed of 18 letters.

My 4, 5, 15, 3, is a swiftly running animal.

My 1, 2, 3, are the initials of a military organization.

My 3, 17, 16, 13, is taken when tired.

My 4, 8, 9, 9, 12, is a little song.

My 1, 3, 18, 8, 6, is a small weight.

My 16, 8, 1, 14, is a deep breath.

My 7, 3, 8, 11, is what a baby sleeps in.

My 18, 10, is a sailor's answer.

My whole is what Beverly is sometimes called.

CHESTER POPE.

ENIGMA XIX.

I AM composed of 28 letters.

My 10, 1, 16, 7, 26, is a girl's name.

My 18, 19, 4, is opposite of cold.

My 22, 11, 2, 13, 5, 15, is a day in the week.

My 23, 9, is a preposition.

My 24, 8, 4, is an animal.

My 4, 19, 6, 6, 7, 13, is more than hot.

My 10, 20, 1, 6, is opposite of sweet.

My 17, 7, 27, 28, is the name of any large town.

My 3, 21, 21, 25, 12, 20, 3, 22, is a State of the United States.

My 18, 26, 14, 13, is a part of the body.

My whole is the name of a society.

PHINEAS MORROW.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 8.

ENIGMA XIV. The Los Angeles *Sunday Times*.

ENIGMA XV. Speak, for thy servant heareth.

ORIGINAL ENIGMA. Longfellow.

ANAGRAM. Save the pennies: the dollars will take care of themselves.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

H
S E E
H E A R T
E R E
T

SOME OLD AUNTIES.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Antebellum. | 6. Antiquated. |
| 2. Antediluvian. | 7. Antipodes. |
| 3. Antecedent. | 8. Antidote. |
| 4. Antedate. | 9. Antiseptic. |
| 5. Antitype. | 10. Antichristian. |

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